

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 4.

THEIR SIGHT RESTORED.

Some of the most touching passages of literature are those relating to the blind. The most of them are drawn from that fountain-head of what is good in literature as well as what is good in everything—the Bible. And of all the stories of the miracles wrought by CHRIST there are none that appeal more to the minds of men than those pertaining to the restoration of sight. The Biblical treatment of the healing of blind BARTIMEUS is one of the grandest things ever written, as is the poem by LONGFELLOW commemorating that event, or the even loftier one of that sad humorist, BURDETTE, "Light of the world, have pity! I am blind."

Perhaps a poet never compressed into one line such a thorough picture of sorrow as that in which MILTON describes the once powerful SAMSON as "eyeless in Gaza, in the mill with slaves." Mr. HUNTER's blindness, sad in itself, had not the sad accompaniments of that of the afflicted agonist. He was blind; but he was in his own city, he still had charge of the work that was most congenial to him; and more than all, he was with friends—friends to whom it was a labor of love to guide his feet.

Last Tuesday was a happy day for a well-known St. John family. For on that day the telegraph instruments clicked happily as they did their part in announcing that RODGER HUNTER, who has not seen the light of heaven for sixteen years, had again received his sight—a veritable miracle of modern days.

No writer that ever lived could have a much more powerful theme than that of the emotions with which Mr. HUNTER's mind is welling since his sight has been restored. Feelings of pain will be his, no doubt, to witness the changes that had taken place in some of the people and the scenes that he loved and loves, but the great feeling of pleasure at having recovered the priceless gift of sight, which we who see cannot value as much as those who have seen, and now see not, or as much as those who, like Mr. HUNTER, have lived in enjoyment of the sense of sight, have been deprived of it, and have recovered it again.

On the same night that the HUNTER family was rejoicing at the good news from Montreal, a blind musician, a stranger, was dying in another part of St. John. A large audience had assembled to hear the playing of a man who, though deprived of one sense, had others developed to a degree that caused him to be a source of delight to thousands. All sorts and conditions were proud to do reverence to Professor HEINE because of his power in the art he loved. It was a sad scene at the Carleton City Hall when the gifted violinist, while preparing for his opening piece, was stricken with apoplexy. But though it was in a strange land that death came to him, it is well that he was with his dearest friends when the summons came to "join the choir innumerable."

THE SILENT HARP.

Those who have heard the songs of Erin sung this week, will be interested in the revival of old Irish music which is now agitating the land of the mournful banshee. A great Feis, or national musical festival, will soon be held in Dublin. Its objects are "the performance of Irish music in strict accordance with the traditional manner; the publication of Irish airs now preserved in manuscript, and the notation of such tones, or fragments of tunes, as have yet been recorded; the use of the Irish language in rendering the songs; and the stimulation of the creation of a new Irish school of composers who, by their works, may prove that it is possible for Irish musicians to be as truly national in their art as DVORAK or GRIGG have been." And now the critics are anticipating a rival to the Welsh Eisteddfod, and hoping

that "since BALFE could almost create a Bohemian style, some Jew composer will arise who will give the world a Gallic music."

It was by the same thoughts that are now moving the minds of the musical people of Ireland that TOM MOORE was inspired when he sang:

The harp that once through Tara's halls The soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled.

And in another song he makes this beautiful apostrophe:

Dear harp of my country, in silence I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung round thee long.

But though it was in silence that the great latter-day bard of Erin found the harp that had wakened the echoes of the old hall, he surely found it. The world will ever appreciate the melodies of MOORE to a much greater extent than it would the work of any new singer or composer who may arise to give it an essentially Gallic music.

The songs of MOORE are for the world, and the world is not slow in its appreciation of them. And though the revival of the old music at the great Feis is an event of importance to everyone at all Irish or musical—which category includes the most of the civilized world—it will not by any means be an event of such cosmopolitan importance as was the finding of the harp of his country by THOMAS MOORE, unless, indeed, a greater than he is discovered in the revival—a contingency which most people will regard as doubtful.

Perhaps the most humorous thing in connection with all the recent talk about the all-important woman question is a discovery made upon the death of Professor BISHOFF, of the University of St. Petersburg. This gentleman was vehemently opposed to the admission of female students to that institution, and in general to any concession made to the women's rights advocates. He based the argument that it was wrong to put a woman on an equal footing with a man as far as mental capacity was concerned on the statement advanced by him that the average weight of a woman's brain (three pounds, four ounces) was three and one-half ounces less than that of a man. Now upon the death of the professor it is discovered that the brain is considerably less than the average that he allowed women.

Perhaps the last place where one would at first thought expect to look for a solution of the tramp problem is little Holland—for one would naturally think that in such a busy hive there would be no idleness—there would be no tramp problem to solve. There is nothing rotten in the state of Holland, judging from the fact that it maintains a farm of five thousand acres, where able-bodied men applying for relief are sent to earn their living. The men who will not work at the farm are sent to a labor colony, where those "who don't work and won't work are made to work, and where loafers find that they are out of the frying-pan into an even more uncomfortable position. But if the men prove tractable and learn to cultivate the soil, the state rents small farms to them, which they are expected to till.

The overproduction of cotton seems to be the cause of the great scarcity of cash all over the southern states and the subsequent decline in trade. The south has had a good many lessons showing the folly of this overproduction, but it still goes on planting considerably too much cotton. A New York paper once explained this as follows: "The cotton-planting aristocracy is proud and even haughty, and will break away from the old traditions only after several years of starvation and a thirst unsatisfied. To see these fine old southern gentlemen tiptoeing through the graveyard of their hopes to save sole-leather is a painful spectacle, but travellers in the south see it every day." Louisiana is showing some sense in this matter, but the other states of the south are woefully lacking in this characteristic.

A most interesting bit of legislation is that recently passed by the New York legislature, allowing dental colleges to receive and operate on human bodies as do medical colleges. The law seems wise as well as interesting, inasmuch as the dentist of the present day is practically a physician and surgeon. Before being allowed to practice he should be familiar with the whole human body, especially the head and the nervous system, and to gain this knowledge a knowledge of dissection is of the utmost importance.

How much happier a world it was, when we ate, and drank, and kissed, and shook hands with the ubiquitous bacillus without knowing that there was such a foe forever with us. The silliest outcome of the bacilli had is that of a number of people in Russia who comprise a society for the suppression of hand-shaking. Its founder is a physician, who, with his followers, believes the practice is injurious, on account of the probable transmission of microbes.

A tragic but humorous illustration of poetic justice was that which took place at Tower, Ala., last week, when a gang of negro train robbers came upon a camp of moonshiners. As each party prepared for other for a posse of police a battle ensued

in which several of the moonshiners and the train robbers were fatally wounded.

The following appears in a translation from the German in Cassell's Saturday Journal: "Gent—Look here, how you have swindled me over these pants!" Cassell's Saturday Journal, it will be remembered, is the paper that was recently extremely sarcastic concerning English as spoken and written in Canada.

The Toronto Telegram thinks that Canadian politics is none the less a cut-throat game when politicians meet as friends at scenes of social festivity, and says that it would be better for the country if they could be enemies socially, and act like patriots politically.

Temperance appears to have got a firm foothold in Toronto, judging from the fact that a jury in that city had considerable difficulty in understanding the meaning of the term "drunkenness," and appealed to the court to define "a state of intoxication."

Some socialist has been figuring that the share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe, if all were equally divided, would be about 2 3/4 acres.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In the Old Graveyard. (LOYALIST'S DAY.)

In the old graveyard with loyalists down I tranquilly rest on a flat-long stone "Nest an arching tree while the children play By the fountain-pool and catch at the spray.

'Tis a quiet nook, a peaceful retreat, And only a step from the busy street; And the city squares, with never a rail Between it, the church, the courthouse and jail.

Strange grouping it seems of merriment and strife, Detention, freedom, of death and of life, Suggestive contrasts of brightness and gloom, The church and the jail, the cradle, the tomb.

'Tis thus that I muse this Loyalists' Day In the old graveyard while the children play And spill out the words on a crumbling stone Native of England—erected—Saint John.

'Tis a sacred spot; than his honored dead No warrior bold nor hero who bled Nor statesman who fought for his country's weal More loyal and brave, more worthy more leal.

Where British hearts throbb, the Union Jack waves, No living apart, no place for their graves, But under the flag they love and revere, Hence loyalists live and are buried here.

Sons of Great Britain—and of Ireland too— Descendants of such as fought Waterloo, The land of your choice, our birthplace and home, We prize, we love it, nor from it would roam.

For of countries great few greater than this, Land of the Rockies whose mountain tops kiss The sun, vast and grand, fertile, prolific, From shores Atlantic to shores Pacific.

And here we unfurl with hearty halloo His history, our own the "red, white and blue," And here are the graves of those who would meet In the beyond, in the life complete.

St. John, N. B. C. H. D.

A Shadow of the Night.

Close on the edge of a misluminous dawn I trembled dreams I went from land to land, Each seven colored like the rainbow's arc, Till where never fancy's foot had trod I found a world yet all the strangeness seemed not strange.

Where I wondered, reasoning in my dream, At that garden of our cloud-hung earth, And some where by the seashore was a grave, A woman's grave, new made, and heaped with flowers.

And near it stood an ancient holy man That told me comfort me, who sorrowed not For the unknown dead a woman at my feet, But I, because his sacred office held, My reverent, listened; and 'twas thus he spoke: "When next thou comest thou shalt find her still In all the rare perfection that the way Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love! Her eyelids will have turned to violets, Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath to roses. What is lovely never dies, But passes into other loveliness, Star dust, or sea-form, flower, or winged air. If this befalls our poor unworthy flesh, Think thee what destiny awaits the soul!"

What garden of verdure it was near at last, While he spoke, sunshine and grave and priest Vanished, and faintly from a visionary space Fell five slow solemn strokes upon my ear. Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart, A sense of sweet unutterable loss, And though the darkness reached my hand to touch, Her cheek, soft-pillowed on an restful palm— To be quite sure! T. B. ALDRICH.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

The advertisements in an Athens newspaper are written entirely in verse.

According to the Digby Courier, a gentleman of that town opened an egg a few days ago which contained on its inner surface an advertisement of a poultry condition powder. "We saw the egg ourselves on Monday," says the Courier editor, "and could distinguish plainly several of the letters, which were exactly formed and arranged as they would be in a newspaper, and backward." The editor draws the inference from this singular occurrence, that the hen knows how to appreciate an ad. in its own behalf.

Some St. John job printers have been trying for the Printer's Guild, the best written advertisement in the city, and the great many good ad. writers in St. John, who ought to show up in the printer's list. The latest convention of the printer's guild means of the public press, and the use of less effective methods, are the concerns of Camden County, N. J. The printer's guild dropped torches, mass meetings, and the like, and relied solely upon newspaper advertising. The sentiment in their favor is strong.

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paid for by a fund to which all readers of the paper are at liberty to subscribe.

THE SUCCESS OF THE AMATEURS. A Local Operatic Performance With Many Creditable Features.

Eiechberg's comic opera "The Doctor of Alcantara" drew a not altogether crowded house when given by the amateurs last Thursday evening in the Opera house. Had the S. R. O. sign been hung out it would have been no more than they merited. They put on quite a nice show and with an opera that was not the very easiest of those produced by amateur talent. The grace of movement, the elegance of gesture, the smoothness of work, that attends the effort of the average professional was wanting, but from an amateur point of view, and considering it a first performance, it was highly creditable to all concerned. The characters were all well cast and as well sustained throughout the evening. The work is a very tuneful one and contains so many lovely duets and trios, that the audience applauded vigorously and would have had it repeated, could it have been done. The principals all seemed to be in good voice and little room was open for fault finding. As a fact in amateur performances one should look for instances of creditable work rather than instances of a more or less defective character. Where all did so well it is difficult, perhaps unnecessary, to particularize, but special credit is due to Miss Clara Quinton, who had rather an out of the work, and whose acting throughout was much beyond the average amateur. This young lady, who has only just recovered from an attack of la grippe, added another to her laurels, in this new role of Inez, the confidante of Isabella, daughter of the doctor, a role admirably well taken by Mrs. Jones, who looked pretty enough for a lover to take any personal risk to win her. Miss Quinton's best numbers were probably "If lovers come," "Tis vain 'gainst love to fight," while the introduced song and chorus "Love will find a way" was equally well given. Mrs. Jones received a well deserved encore for her solo "Ah! woe is me!" She tried to proceed with her part, but the audience insisted so warmly, she courteously repeated the concluding stanza.

Miss Annie E. Lugin was very consistent throughout as Donna Lucrezia, the wife of the doctor, and sang her role well, especially as her voice has been available for singing for the past few days. This lady had no easy duty to perform in watching her daughter and counteracting the efforts of Inez in sympathy with Isabella. Mr. A. Lindsay had the title role, and being in good voice, it is needless to say he sang well, although his was not a strictly tenor part. Mr. J. Kelly, as Carlos, the lover, was a veritable surprise. He sang and acted his role admirably and with an ease and manly idea of stage work that is seldom shown outside professionals. The part of Don Pomposo was entrusted to Mr. A. W. Smith, who is always a student and may be relied on for faithful work. Signor Balthazar by J. Rainnie was very funny in the bed-chamber scene and may always be relied upon to say or do something laughable. This gentleman and Mr. Percy Thomson were so funny in their little scenes as the porters that the audience compelled them to repeat a part of their song. There is not much chorus work in this opera, but what there was to be done was given with a promptness, snap, spirit and interest that indicated perfect familiarity with the work. There was a little drawing off between chorus and orchestra once that was dangerous but not disastrous.

The orchestra was really good throughout and played the overture so well that they were heartily applauded. It was a good omen at the opening or interlude act rather.

In the stage setting for the second act there were some invocations apparent, such as an electrolier which is modern, but which added materially to the beauty of the scene. But when the curtain was rung up on the second act proper, disclosing Isabella standing on the balcony in the moonlight, the scene was so pretty that spontaneous applause was bestowed from all parts of the house. The moonlight effect was admirable and the whole thing reflects in a very complimentary way upon the good judgment of Mr. J. J. McCaffrey, the stage manager of the company.

The idea of giving these operas from time to time is a good one and it is hoped these ladies and gentlemen will continue their studies in this direction during the summer so that further entertainment may be given in the early autumn. Such performances are very popular in the towns and cities of New England States and there is no doubt they would be equally well received in this city.

Teacher—Plants thrive only in sunlight, do they not? Smart Pupil—Not all of them. "Can you name an exception?" "Yes. An electric light plant."

A Suggestion. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Soon another May will pass. Why not now take the usual step to erect a fitting memorial to the memory of the Loyalists? The forms of one have been suggested. Let me propose that a public subscription be started, to erect a commanding point in the city, a tall rough column of native granite.

Are the descendants of the Loyalists ashamed of their forefathers, that so long a time has elapsed, without their acknowledging in some sure way, their sterling loyalty to the crown, and the hardships that they endured? B. A. S.

THE POSITION OF MR. KNAPP.

Some Interesting Reading for Those who Attended the Baptist Convention.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—As your paper has kept itself free from denominational bias in religion and party bias in politics, I will ask a place in it for the following. You will find on the 24th page of the Baptist Year Book for 1894: "The Report of the Committee on Temperance was read by C. E. Knapp." As Mr. Knapp was not designated as Bro. or Delegate or by any other affix or prefix it may be asked what he was doing at the Convention or why he was there. He was the Delegate from the Eastern Baptist Association of N. B., and the chairman of the Convention's Committee on Temperance. It was "moved by Rev. S. McC. Black and resolved, That as the report contains matter which the Convention has not time to consider, it be laid on the table until the next meeting of Convention." Mr. Knapp was the writer of the report, and it had been approved of by a large committee after careful consideration. During the reading of the report there was an unceremoniousness among the delegates, which would have puzzled a person who knew nothing about the undercurrents in such bodies. After the resolution passed it was suggested that as the report had been read it was the property of the Convention, and that no one would have the right to make its contents public through the press. The absurdity of this was so apparent that it met with but little approval.

I will now give you what seemed to be the objectional part of the report. We will add the men who depend on the rum power for political purposes. We seldom hold up to public reproach the men (we will use the words of the Hon. G. E. Foster to describe them), "whose first care is for themselves, their second for the party that shelters them, and their third for the country, which exists for the party and themselves," and he might have added, and perhaps now after his political experience could add, who float into place and power on a tide of rum, and sail on to wealth and honors over a sea of the same liquor, who owe all the offices and honors they have to those interested directly or indirectly in the liquor traffic. Lord Rosebery lately said when speaking of the liquor traffic: "But the second part on which I regard it as a dancer is this—that if the state does not soon control the traffic, the traffic will control the state." Wendell Phillips predicted that if universal suffrage ever failed in the U. S., the cause would be run entrenched in great cities, and commanding every vantage ground. Volney B. Cushing lately said on the public platform that the liquor traffic dominates large cities and corrupts national affairs. The political power of liquor dealers is increasing because their business is increasing. The drink traffic is honeycombing the foundations of the nation, and unless we cut off the corruption that comes from this source we will ultimately get more than we can handle under our form of government. The suppression is therefore a political issue of the first magnitude. Archdeacon Farrar wrote: "The work of England in the past generation was to abolish the slave trade; the work of England in the present generation is to abolish the liquor traffic, for it is slavery of the worst kind. 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